

MEASURE

WINTER 1962



SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

**st. joseph's college
collegeville, indiana
winter issue 1962
volume xxiii. no. 1**

in this issue

COLLEGE	3	David Roche
IS SCIENCE FICTION DYING?	5	Robert Blackwood
CHEESE CAKE	7	John Kreniske
AUDITION	8	Russell Carson
LAZARUS	11	Francis Creel
WHAT IS A LAYMAN?	12	Donald Hoffman
IGNORANCE IS BLISS	15	David Roche
ARTHUR'S CHARITY	16	Daniel Zawila
THE VAGABOND	22	Francis Creel
TO DEFINE A CAT	24	Patrick McCann
ESCAPE	25	Russell Carson
AN EPITAPH IN THE FORM OF A BALLADE	28	William Seidensticker
CONFESSION OF A PENITENT	29	Patrick McCann
DIES IRAE	30	Patrick McCann
DER VERSTAND	31	John Keane
REALITY	36	John Kreniske



measure

CO-EDITORS

Eberhard J. Gabriel
Daniel Zawila

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Robert Blackwood
John Madden
Patrick McCann

STAFF ARTISTS

Dennis Darby
James Delaney
Pete Saxton

LAYOUT

Daniel Zawila

MODERATOR

Rev. Alvin Druhman,

PRINTING

R. B. Cross Printing Co.

ENGRAVING

Ropkey Engraving Co., Inc.

COVER DESIGN

Dennis Darby

College

When I went to college I
wanted to go to Paris
listened to classical music
wore a beret
learned to laugh at conservatives
talked in quite an intellectual way
discovered the world and
rejected it.

When I came home I watched football on TV.

—David Roche

IS SCIENCE FIC

Before 1970 man may be kicking up clouds of dust upon the surface of the moon. Before the turn of the century he may be



standing upon the red sands of Mars. Does the blast of our three-stage rockets signify the end of an imaginative literary genre—science fiction?

If you think of science fiction in terms of invasions from Mars the answer is yes; however there are more serious efforts within the science fiction field than our cinema screens and newspaper comic strips reveal. Leaving aside the sword-and-space-ship sagas, what are the favorite subjects of science fiction authors today?

Space exploration, which used to culminate with an exploration of the craters of the moon, has extended with faster-than-light speed to the far galaxies of the universe. Science fiction authors still speculate on the techniques that will be used in reaching the stars, but any author today who attempts to describe the first landing on the moon may be outmoded before his article is published. For this reason the literary critic often downgrades science fiction works because they are *science fiction* and appear to be written for the nonce. This criticism is valid when the critic who observes this

by Robert Blackwood

TION DYING ?

definition of science fiction, "narrative writing dependent upon the author's imagination and imaginative application of the scientific method, principles, and techniques," discovers an author who stresses the scientific aspect at the expense of the narrative. We could include under "space exploration" not only the actual crossing of space but also the initial contact with alien races and the problem of communicating with them. This has gone far beyond the "hated-alien" theme (called Bug Eyed Monsters or simply BEM field), and now Earthmen are meeting peaceful members of an interplanetary United Nations who only desire to help the backward war-torn Earthmen attain their racial maturity.

The settlement of the planets naturally follows space exploration as a science fiction theme. Science fiction authors often turn to history and sociology as sources for conflicts between Mother Earth and the colonized planets. Isaac Asimov's *Foundation* series describes a colonizing planet whose control disintegrates in its interstellar empire. A mathematician-historian, Hari Seldon, who foresees the destruction of this empire founds a society of scientists dedicated to resettling the colo-

nized planets in a new, enlightened empire. Asimov blends history (the Roman Empire theme), sociology, mathematics (as a basis for predicting the actions of the masses), and, in one book of the series, parapsychological forces into a very interesting series of novelettes.

Parapsychology, the science which investigates physical or psychological phenomena caused by unknown powers of the mind, has been a boon to the science fiction author. Increasing recognition of this science has led the authors to speculate on the public's reaction to persons who possess a parapsychological talent such as telepathy, clairvoyance, and telekinesis. Usually they picture the possessor of psi powers (*Analog* magazine's term for parapsychological powers) as striving to keep his talent hidden from an envious public. Conventional science fiction authors usually treat this theme very melodramatically, but Arthur Sellings, an English author, uses a more restrained treatment of this theme in his novel, *Telepath*. In another variation on this theme, the possessors of psi powers form a secret society to protect themselves and eventually reveal their powers when mankind has grown accustomed to their talents.

Man versus Thinking Machine is a prominent theme in contemporary science fiction, certainly a reflection of modern man's fear of automation. This theme predates our digital computers, for we see this conflict in E. M. Forster's short story, "The Machine Stops," published in 1928. Unlike Forster's ending, in which the greater part of mankind dies when the thinking machine stops, modern authors seem more secure of their superiority over their inventions. Isaac Asimov in his novel, *Caves of Steel*, foresees a society in which man with his capacity for original thinking coexists with a "race" of robots, although Asimov's men still fear the increasing ability of the machines to gather data and make decisions. Authors like Harry Harrison in his anthology, *War With the Robots*, have a more pessimistic view and picture a dim future in which mankind, cursed with emotion, is governed by and eventually expelled from a mechanical organism which logically regards mankind

as the weakest component. The third possibility for mankind, man's rejection of the thinking machine, usually exhibits some of the characteristics of the English pastoral tradition and sometimes uses parapsychological techniques. H. G. Wells wrote the prototype (although he did not speculate specifically on the *thinking machine*) for this type of story—*The Time Machine*—in which a peaceful pastoral society is menaced only by their instinctive reactions to air raid sirens which cause them to flee underground into the hands of a cannibalistic machine-tending race which has supported the pastoral society. Wells neatly eliminates the machine race and leaves the pastoral civilization to prosper by its own initiative.

Thus we can see that science fiction is neither dead or dying. The exploration and settlement of the universe, parapsychological powers, and the Man-versus-Thinking-Machine theme provide an abundant source of subject matter for the imaginative artist.

1920's

.....

CHEESE CAKE

Like pastry layed on celluloid track,
The 41 girls came rack on rack,
Cascaded!
Cascaded more than paraded,
For such was the way
When water bubbled from sugar bottles
And top hats pranced,
While the masters danced,
As the voices squeaked out over time,
And there is no rhyme
No rhyme,
No rhyme,
To the chime
Of a dime clanked down
Or the Unpredictable frown of those left to drown,
In the light of the pastry on the celuloid strip.

—John Kreniske

A U D I T I O N

by Russell Carson

Once, I did not believe in flying saucers. Being a rather nondescript but well paid accountant with a large firm, I simply could not accept the idea that anything not figured in terms of profit and loss, or bought and sold, was real. The only good I could see in the whole idea was that some people made money by grinding out books and movies on the subject. Well, I no longer think this way because a flying saucer picked me up about a month ago.

I will not go into the details of how it was done, since it was just like they show it in the movies. You know, subject driving down lonely road, green light stops car, little green men take paralyzed subject out of car, put him in bare room, and whisk away into the star filled sky. That sort of thing.

Anyway, after a few days of eating capsules they took me out of my room, or cage. The little green men, who, of course spoke in some alien gibberish to one another and stared and pointed at me like I was a nude little green woman, escorted me out of the space vehicle and down a long underground passage. By now I had the worst apprehensions concerning my possible fate. Various visions of my bloody corpse on some dissecting table, of my terrified, unarmed self fighting some indescribable monster in a gladiatorial arena, or of my well roasted carcass set on a golden platter before the king of this place as an earthly delicacy for his pleasure,

flashed through my mind in horror movie fashion. As I envisioned a cloud of violet smoke that had once been me, the little green men opened a door at the end of the passage and took me inside. Positive that my disintegration was imminent, I considered making peace with the Almighty in the hope that His existence might insure some further existence of my own.

To my horror, they strapped me in what resembled an electric chair, and left the room, the door sliding closed behind them. I struggled with the straps without success, so I gave up and peered into the inky darkness to see just what was going to happen next. It was all quite horrifying, but unlike the stories and movies, I did not feel as if anyone was picking my brains. It's a little disappointing when I think back on it. Well, be that as it may, they *had* been picking my brains as I soon discovered.

After one black hour the little green men came in and escorted me out. This time they took me down another dim corridor. Slightly relieved I thought perhaps I should say something like "take me to your leader," but I dismissed the idea as trite and quite un-understandable to these aliens. Besides, if you look closely at the situation, this time I was the alien—most un-nerving.

The little green men did, however, take me to their leader. He appeared older, with his green skin somewhat pale and wrinkled about the face. He spoke a few unintelli-

gible orders, and my escorts departed, leaving me alone with him and three guards. Then he unemotionally explained to me in perfect English why I had been abducted. He wanted me to star in a movie.

I was a bit stunned at this, and I guess he could see that I was. He told me there was no need to be hesitant about accepting the offer. Electronic brain analysis had shown me to be the perfect "type" for the role he had in mind. Not only that, but I was the best of hundreds of candidates in the last several years. He added that he should know, since he had been producing and directing pictures for Galactic Realistic Productions nearly all his life. And so, growing somewhat impatient (I presume as all movie directors do), he shoved a contract and pen at me. I signed, and then offhandedly asked how much my salary would be. The old man was quite shocked at this. He launched into a tirade about the honor of being in a spectacular, as it alone was more than enough payment for an insignificant, semi-barbarian alien as myself. Then he calmed down and explained to me the plot of this extravaganza of extravaganzas.

This, fellow citizens of earth, is the point of my story. It is the reason no one will believe me, and why I could only publish my story in this type of *true adventure* magazine. For you see, Galactic Realistic Productions is just that. For this movie they will use no written script (they never use one),



and the cameras will film the whole thing from an orbit around the earth. The setting for the action will be our planet, less than a month from now. And I will star as the lone and helpless survivor of a totally destructive nuclear war.

Oh, the director assured me that they can start this war with one well placed atomic explosion. He said they could easily keep me from being vaporized in the ini-

tial holocaust, but after that I'm on my own, and on their film, of course.

I have little hope that my warning will be heeded or even heard by the men who control our nuclear weapons. But there's one consolation for every human being. I mean, won't it be nice to be part of a multi-million dollar, Cinema-scope, Stereophonic, Three-D Technicolor production? At last, *everyone* will be in pictures.

LAZARUS

How hard it is to walk unto
my sister in the sunlight
so restful was the tomb
and hear the canticle and ripping
vest
(I did not pray for this, this second doom)
as if I might be Jahve's son too
who am a tiny tallow's glinting tip
at best
beside this Man the One Light

They will clap me on the back
to see if I'm a ghost
and they will tell me of the woman caught in sin
and ask me since I've talked with Moses, Abraham
and holy patient Job
if they were just to stone her
They will interpret my lack
of words as hesitance to cause chagrin
to Him who did me good
My laughing supper host
will seat me in the place of honor
but they will strip Him of His robe
as they would shear a lamb
and nail Him to the wood

My squinting eyes would rather hide
back in the grave
behind their fleshy lash-fringed shrouds
than watch the blasphemous plot
against that brave
and christened head which now hangs bowed
not from the fact that I had died
but that I might as well have not

—Francis Creel

by Donald Hoffman

What is a layman? A simple comprehensive definition does not exist. Most of us probably have a dictionary understanding that a layman is one who is not a clergyman or is not a member of some particular profession. But, such a definition is of little value in our search for something concrete as to what a layman is in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church. We cannot discuss intelligently the doctrinal understanding of the position and role of the layman in the Church until we pinpoint, in so far as is possible, what is a layman.

Yves M. J. Congar, O.P., develops the subject with considerable reference to the early history of the Church as background for the derivation of the word layman and its applied usage. He traces the word to the Greek *Laiko's* in the sacred scriptures meaning people of God in distinction of Gentiles, now meaning sacred people in opposition to people who were not consecrated. Karl Rahner, S.J., on the other hand, points out that in a theological sense a layman is one of the holy people (from *La'os*) or God. Thus Rahner deduces the layman is not an "unchurched man," religiously uninterested, the mere object of hierarchical powers, but rather designates him as someone who stands at a definite place within the one consecrated space of the Church. Both Con-

gar and Rahner agree that this definite place can be described negatively by demarcating the layman from the non-layman and positively by delineating the inner peculiarity of being a layman.

In early Church history, three states were distinguished within the Church, that of the laity, the clerics, and the monks. The clerical condition was defined by the service of the altar and religious service of the Christian people, whereas the monk's condition was defined as a state or way of life, an attempt to renounce the world and live the kingdom of God on earth. By the twelfth century

WHAT IS A

monks were considered as clerics who added a form of life under a rule to the clericature. Hence, but a double division existed from this point on—men of religion and men of the world.

Negatively, the man of the world or layman must be set off from the men of religion who are those that bear and hold real hierarchical powers in the Church, that is, the powers of the priesthood or lower orders and those powers which are of a sovereign nature and have to do with the authoritative instructing and directing of the remaining members of the Church.

Thus Rahner exclaims that anyone who is lawfully in the habitual possession of a liturgical or legal power (going beyond the funda-

mental rights of every baptized member of the Church) is no longer in the real or technical sense a layman. Therefore, a full time "lay-catechist" is not really a member of the laity. In brief we can say that the layman ceases where to any extent is begun whole or partial participation in the power of jurisdiction or power of ordination within the Church.

A parallel, to an extent, is the monastic notion cited by Congar. Here the distinction is made in terms of state of life and the manner of sanctification. Thus the layman lives among earthly things and by his very state is dedicated

LAYMAN ?

to human things, whereas the non-layman or man of God lives apart from and denounces the things of the world and dedicates himself entirely to heavenly things. Bear in mind that this is as things should be and not what they necessarily are. Actually, from this point of view, life in the world is a compromise, that is, the lay condition is presented as a concession to human weakness.

Before progressing further we must be aware that the laity and clergy are united in the faith and that the distinction between them in no way compromises the unity of the Church. The Protestant reformers pounced upon this point with vehemence that there existed within the Church two bodies, one temporal and the other spir-

itual—a fact which caused much of the disharmony in the Church. Some radicals conceived the Church theologically as a Church of clergy consisting in the hierarchy alone, whereas others tended to simplify the Church as a lay society in totality submitted to the law of God.

The canonical notion also brought out by Congar negates the layman from the clergy in a juridical manner as does Rahner. We might reiterate the point that the cleric is distinguished from the layman as having charge, not only of living by faith and upholding it, but of imparting it.

Positively, the layman, in distinction to the aforementioned members of the Church who are bearers by virtue of the content of their tasks out of the world, are Christians who remain in the world, that is, in the sense that the layman must have a specific task for the world and in the world which determines his "station" not merely in civilian life but also in the Church. The layman is not a passive member of the Church who buries himself totally in worldly things, but rather a member in the Church and a function of the Church. In reality the layman is the Church, for the very structure of the Church is centered around the layman as a means of attaining his salvation through the competence of the clericalure of the Church.

Rahner states that man is born before he is born again. This

thought to me is the very essence of what a layman is. We can see that the lay-Christian remains in the world as his worldly character which was anterior to his Christianity remains, and is not changed by his being a Christian itself and to an extent is the limit of his being a Christian. This is so, in that if a man goes beyond his original world-situation professionally, he then technically ceases to be a layman.

Lay people are Christians in the world, there to do God's work in so far as it must be done in and through the work of the world. The Church has to have laity, faithful who do the work of the world and reach their last end in dedication to that work.

The layman being in the world, as such, is interested in the substance of things for themselves. He seeks the explanation, their uses and benefits to mankind, whereas the clericus is interested only in the transcendental nature of things, that is, their meaning and relation to God as the first cause. Reference is made here by Congar to the time when the Church sought to subjugate even the things of the world to itself and blundered foolishly. I quote: "Guardianship is good for children; but it was unduly prolonged in fields wherein men had, as we now say, come of age." The rejection of the great findings of Galileo is a straightforward example.

Yet, this is not to say that the laity, by their state, are not direc-

ted and ordered toward heavenly things. The layman, in reality, is a co-bearer of the one grace which Christ has promised and imparted to redeem humanity. Rahner states that the baptized layman is the co-celebrant at the sacrifice of the holy Church; commissioned to his own Christian world-office in confirmation and he takes part in such a manifold way in the life of the Church that his life in holiness with and in and through the Church is a portion of the phenomenon of the Church and thus contributes to making the Church what it always is an always should be.

Thus the layman also plays a part in the mission and responsibility of the Church. The layman can perform functions which belong to him by human right, which means a service in the Church and they do not destroy his nature as a layman, because they do not destroy his station and place in the world. Yet, this closely related work of hierarchy and layman does not exist. Rahner is emphatic on this point that so long as there is no clearly stipulated layman's right in Catholic Action, we shall wait in vain for a Catholic Action as an immediate co-operation with the clergy and the hierarchy. Thus it would seem that the relative obscurity of what a layman is is due to the fact that the true function of the layman in the Church has never to this day become an actuality in practice

Ignorance Is Bliss

(to be read joyously and rapturously)

Hail to thee, Blithe Body!
Svelte harbinger of the eternal Spring,
I sing to you!

Oh Body, any body, every body,
Body Beautiful, acne-free,
without ugly fat, unwanted hair,
I praise you!

Come before me, all you bodies,
picture-people from the pages of Post,
one after another, leaping, frolicking,
I adore you!

Bodies, bodies
everywhere!

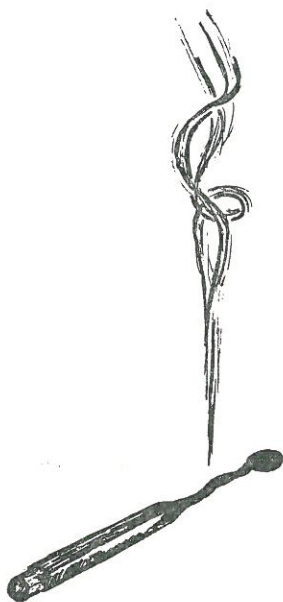
And not a mind
to
think

—David Roche

ARTHUR'S

HE (7:30 p.m.)

The match-flame flickered just once as Arthur Frost inhaled the first strains of over-advertised flavor and ordinary smoke from his cigarette. Automatically, he exhaled a steady stream of smoke that quietly quenched the match-flame's brief existence. Standing before his bureau, he scrutinized the charcoal-shriveled hulk of the match in his manicured fingers as



if it were the key to one of life's mysteries. How ironic, he thought, that the very same smoke which the match-flame was instrumental in inducing from the cigarette, should in prompt gratitude extinguish its inducing flame. Surely there must be some lesson of life hidden in this ritual, but what is it?

For the present, Arthur contented himself with his ironic discovery, dropped the match into the ashtray atop his bureau, and resumed tying his black silk tie. His mind wandered to the gold-framed portrait opposite the ashtray. Soft feminine features and a vibrant smile greeted his smoke-grey eyes, and he felt wholesome as he read the sentimentally embellished script in the lower right corner, "with love, Charity." With a contented puff, Arthur removed the cigarette from his lips and set it on the ashtray edge.

"Cha-ri-ty." Unemotionally he said the name to himself, dissecting it into syllables and sounds. She is a real woman, he mused, vibrant and alive. Her emotions may flicker like a match to heights of full-hearted, almost

by Daniel Zawila

CHARITY

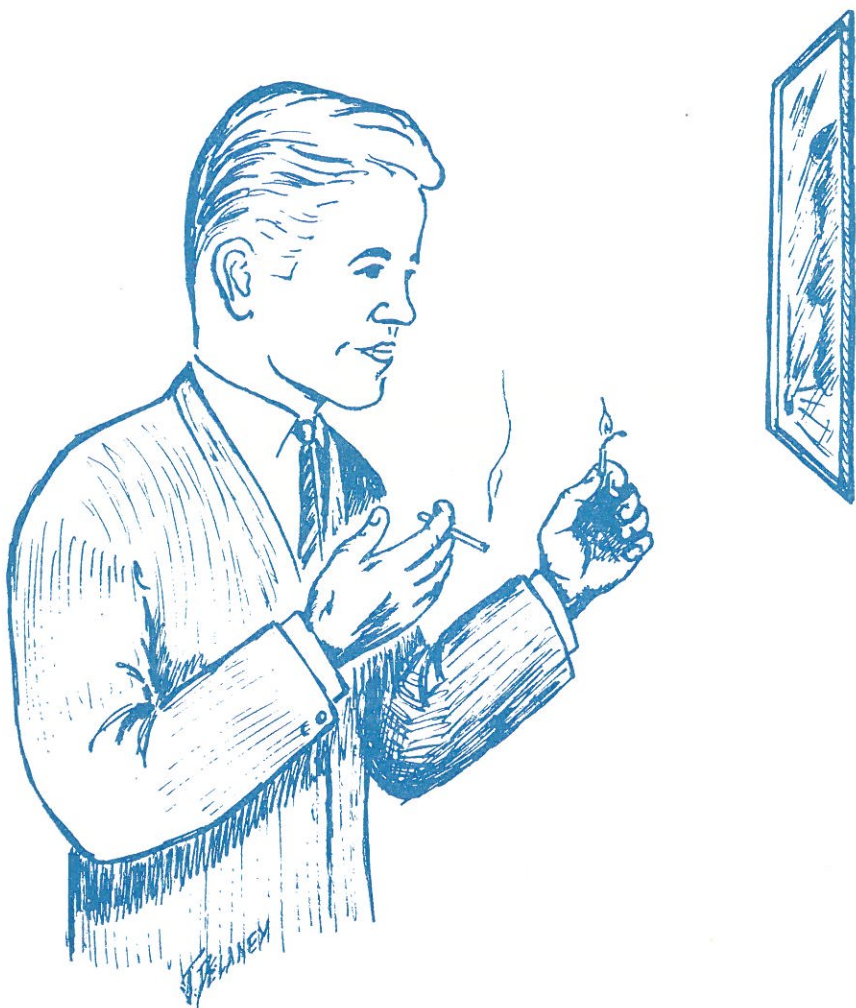
wanton laughter at a party, or languish to a weak ember at a sad movie. Arthur enjoyed Charity. He enjoyed her because she awakened him from his solemn melancholy. She brought out his better qualities. He was at ease with her; he could laugh, and enjoy himself with her even though Charity did have a tendency to be over-optimistic. Yes, Arthur concluded, as the two black tails of his silk tie fell evenly at his midriff, he enjoyed Charity immensely, so much so that he would ask her to marry him this very evening.

Of course he was not sure that he loved her, but after all, what was love except a mere attitude of mind coupled with a liberal amount of physical emoting? It did not really matter if stars twinkled or melodic bells rang when he looked into Charity's hazel eyes. That was for more romantic individuals, Arthur thought, like Charity. But as he placed his gold tie pin in place, he did wonder if Charity saw romantic stars when she looked into his smoke-grey eyes. In any event he would know tonight when she answered his matrimonial plea.

Arthur opened the top bureau drawer, removed his cuff link case, and after by-passing the white-

gold links, he chose a set of gold, visored knight's heads, and opened the clasps. Knights would definitely appeal to Charity's romantic tendencies, he decided. She is a fanatic on clothing, down to the most minute detail. Even though she might not comment on his attire, Arthur knew she would notice it. And every thing must be appropriate tonight if he wished to succeed. Snapping the clasp closed, Arthur categorized his present matrimonial endeavor as a form of high pressure salesmanship. It consists, he theorized, of selling a first-rate idea, marriage with himself, to a second-rate consumer, whom he must consider second-rate as a consumer because she did not know what she wanted out of life. Consequently he must glorify his best qualities, and make this consumer feel that she'd be making an excellent contract, which in effect she was, Arthur concluded.

As he groomed his dark brown hair, Arthur noted that the gentleman in the bureau mirror was not exactly physically repulsive. He was a tall six foot even, dark complexioned, with strong, lean masculine features, which his smoke-grey eyes served to accentuate. But Arthur did not calcu-



late whether these qualities came to a handsome sum, lest he fall into vain speculations. Instead he moved to his closet where he straightened his starched white shirt, hitched his charcoal trousers, and donned his charcoal sports coat. Completing the circuit of the bedroom, Arthur stopped at his bedside table, picked up his cigarettes and returned to the bureau where he gathered the rest

of his miscellaneous accessories.

A quick glance into the mirror revealed a man quite ripe for marriage, Arthur thought, and tonight when he asked Charity to marry him he would let her think that she had caught him at last. Another irony, Arthur mused, that he should be so charitable to Charity. After removing an obstinate piece of lint from the lapel of his tailored coat, he confidently

walked to the front door, stopping only to fix the latch, and as the door closed, the lights went

out in Arthur Frost's bachelor apartment.

SHE (7:30 p.m.)

When Charity Piquant sat down at her vanity, she entered a world completely her own, a world she completely controlled. And although her boudoir cosmos was cluttered with vari-shaped and vari-colored perfume bottles, pastel pink combs, hairbrushes, and inexpensively ornate hand mirrors, it complied with her whims. When she pouted, the large, oval vanity mirror reflected her displeasure, and when she smiled, it enhanced her exuberance.

But this evening, the vanity mirrored Charity's earnest movements as she set her perfume bottle pawns to the task of complementing her natural, French New Orleans beauty. As she burnished her auburn hair, it crackled as if charged with sheenness. And delicate pats from her brushless hand caressed the billowy curls into place about her neck.

I must hurry, Charity thought, Arthur will be here shortly, and I must not be late and make him wait again. She did not bother to question why Arthur should not be made to wait for her again, but discarded the hairbrush, immediately took up her eyebrow pencil and carefully arched her narrow

brows. Possibly feminine intuition urged her on, but it did not really matter because she did like Arthur. There was something mysterious about him, and it excited her. She could not decide if it was the way he looked at her with his smoke-grey eyes, or the confident manner in which he carried himself. But of one thing Charity was sure, that wherever they had gone together, Arthur had always been in complete control of the situation. He was secure, and she was secure with him.

While adding hints of eye shadow to her lids, Charity decided that Arthur was unlike the many brutish men who had crudely accosted her when she lived on the outskirts of the Quarter. He is a gentleman, and yet he is not 'stuffy.' It appeared as if Arthur had balanced his virility and sophistication, Charity concluded as she began the delicate task of applying eye liner, and she wondered how it would feel to be married to such a man. Probably, she would feel secure, and just as Arthur would complement her with security, she would give him her womanly love and comfort.

But motherhood accompanied marriage, Charity murmured as

she uncapped her mascara, and immediately recalled the image of her own mother, thin, colorless, bedraggled, overworked and incessantly at the call of five children and a totally unsympathetic husband. Her mother had marked her years with pregnancies, and her father highlighted those laborious months complaining about expenses then and how they'd increase the following month. There had been no mascara in her mother's marriage, Charity sadly thought as she began to apply her own mascara.

In an effort to remove the depressing memory, Charity turned her thoughts to Arthur. Marriage with Arthur would not at all develop as her parents' marriage, Charity prophesized. Not only could Arthur provide for a wife and family—he is New Orleans district salesmanager for Cottonflex Corporation—but Arthur appeared much more understanding than her father had ever been. On all their previous dates, she and Arthur had had fun, and had found some common interests. Charity felt contented in Arthur's company, as well as attract-

ed by that mysterious look in his smoke-grey eyes. Yes, a marriage with Arthur could provide a secure and interesting future. While smiling coyly at herself in the mirror, Charity decided that one of these evenings she must use her charms and lure Arthur into a marriage proposal. Of course she would refuse him the first few times he asked, she thought as she recapped her mascara, but the third time he asked, she would probably consent. By then it would be time for her to settle down, she concluded, as she gently powdered her cheeks.

Replacing the powder puff into its vanity compact, Charity then searched for her evening shade of lipstick. After checking the lipstick shades on her vanity, she rifled through the vanity drawer, coming to the realization that she'd forgotten to buy that particular shade of lipstick that afternoon. Maybe Peggy or Cheryle have it, Charity hoped as she rushed out of her bedroom, headed for her neighbors' apartment.

"I must not be late and make Arthur wait again"

THEY (2:30 a.m.)

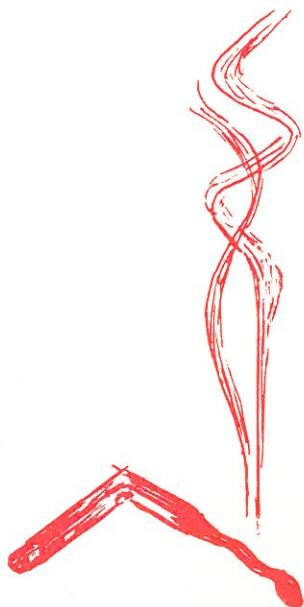
"So she does see romantic stars when she looks into my smoke-grey eyes:" Arthur was pleased with himself, as he quietly closed the balcony door to Charity's apartment. He had enjoyed himself once more. Contentedly he

walked down the moonlit balcony toward the outer stairwell, mentally enjoying the success of an evening climaxed with his engagement. It was easier than expected, Arthur mused as he made his way down the circular stair-

well. Charity had eagerly accepted him and he wondered if she might have lured him into the proposal. But that's impossible he concluded, since she had no idea that he would propose tonight.

Walking toward his car, Arthur searched out a cigarette and placed it between his lips. Pausing at the curb, he struck a match, and cupping his hands, he lit the cigarette. There, as he stood gazing at the match-flame flickering within his palms, Arthur realized that in a way, Charity was similar to the match. She had induced him out of his melancholy, just as the match flame had been instrumental in inducing the smoke from his cigarette. What a perfect anticlimax to a perfect evening, he thought, and in prompt gratitude, as he complimented himself for discovering the lesson

of his cigarette ritual, Arthur Frost nonchalantly flipped that piquant flame into the gutter where it waned to an ember, and went out.



The Vagabond

I

Black walnuts on this wooded, hillside path
are planets in the universe where I
am god, and, lest they wake my righteous wrath,
the bashful blackbirds sing to me and fly
before my route. Unwittingly I tread
on tiny skeletons of life, which die
so very silently for lack of dread
of death or, if, as we, the ants and spider
breathe, for lack of thankfulness for breath—
nor do they know, if left uncrushed, I give
not life to them, but merely spare them death,
nor conquer death, but merely let them live.
So, sitting under walnut limbs, I rest
and watch the lightning flashing in the west.

II

A reminiscence dropped into my view
(as gently as the leaf that fell to shroud
the ant my heel had fallen on) and blew
away the sands that sit in furrows plowed
in mind by time: the memory of a bitch
whose name was Blondie, mother of a hundred
puppies, loyal pet of three boys rich
in love of life and rapt of nature's wonder—
and of her lying on a road one night . . .
a drying streak of red, along her mouth,
that seeped into the brilliant patch of white
beneath her throat . . . a broken body, stout
thighs barren all at once of life both old
and new, becoming, while we cried, all cold.

III

Before the night was out, we were consoled.
A stranger on the highway saw our tears
and, finding out our dog was dead, he told
us that he had some pups, just born, whose ears
were short, whose tails were short, whose tongues
were long and always lapping up the liquid
love of boys like us, whose young-pup lungs
were full of fun—and we could take our pick.
Our pick was dapple black and white, with hair
so short and smooth he felt like bacon sward,
and we were happy to caress the fears
away that jumped up in his orphan stare.
Our laughter swelled across our tear-salt ford,
for here, we thought, was Blondie less the years.

IV

When I am gone this walnut tree will still
be spreading out its shadows for the ants
whose forebears on that path I did not kill
when I was god; and blackbird feet will dance,
when it is dead, around its rotting trunk
and on its roots, which point up to the sky
like fingers of a dying, praying monk;
and bugs will build their towns beneath its dry
decaying bark. My son, perhaps, will tramp
this trail and sit beneath a walnut tree
that sprang up from a nut in soil made damp
by dying moss I sat upon. And he
will know, I hope, that none can make a bond,
that will endure, with Life, the Vagabond.

—Francis Creel

To Define A Cat

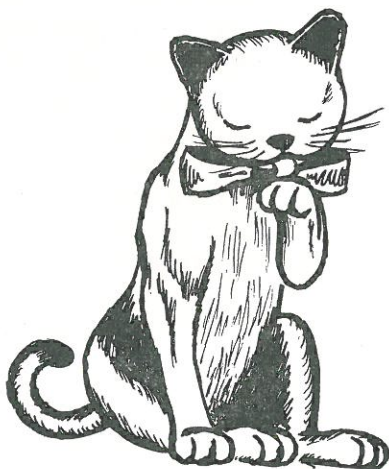
by Patrick McCann

We tie bright ribbons around her neck, and on occasion, a little tinkling bell to warn us of her presence. We like to call her "kitty," implying an innate goodness, an inner sweetness. But we do not realize that in even ten thousand years the cat has not been corrupted by men's morals. She is still mistress of her own cat morals. She is convinced of her own self-evident truths.

We look at a cat, and what do we see? A head which just fits into the hollow of a friendly hand to rub gently. Ears shaped like butterfly wings, silk within and velvet without. A nose of pink satin or blackest leather, sometimes even hinting of lacquer. This nose—blush you human noses—is never ridiculous. Whiskers like two fans on either side of the ideal horizontal line of the mouth. The muzzle itself? A tiny jewel box enclosing a double diadem of teeth. How fine, but how formidable! The body? A long cylinder, stretched over a supple wire frame. The tail is another wire, sometimes thin, often bushy, to serve as a rattle for kittens not yet old enough to indulge in more serious games. The legs are like

multi-jointed connecting-rods able to curve around a little mouse or stretch themselves under the cat's body to form four little columns widening into a single capital. On the ends of these legs, five steel claws open out or draw back into velvet gloves.

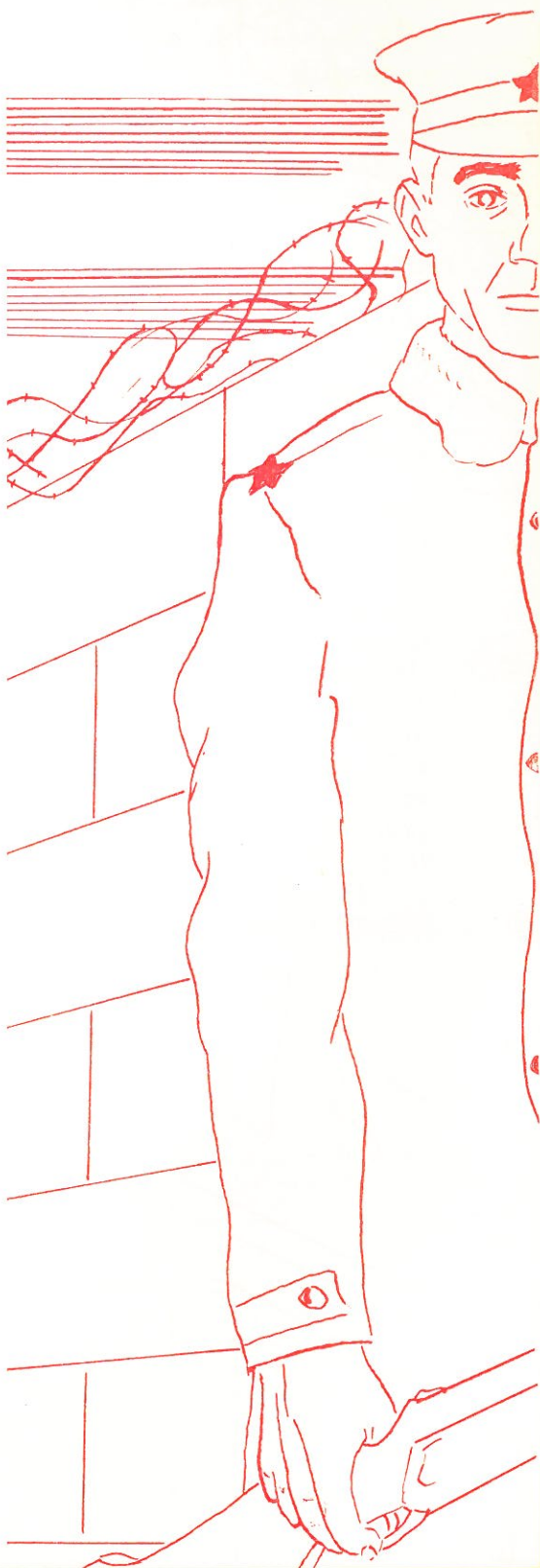
So this is the cat, an animal who takes from her human associates—we cannot call them masters—however much they care to give her; of herself she surrenders nothing. To the end of her being she lives her cat life, adoring her own gods of mating, hunting, and the nocturnal darkness.



ESCAPE

by

Russell Carson





The gray, cloudy, chill sky hung like a cold shroud over the city of Berlin. Along the infamous wall that divides the city a blue uniformed Vopo, or "People's Policeman," walked slowly, his eyes wearily searching the barren, cleared "death zone" for anyone who might try to take the terrible chance of jumping the wall to the Western sector. He carried his automatic rifle as though it weighed down his soul.

On especially dreary days such as this, People's Policeman Fritz Esenoch gave his mind, occupied otherwise only with the now automatic process of watching for refugees, to introspection. He thought of his own life, his parents, killed in an Allied air raid, and his meager existence with his grandmother until she died.

"Now, that might be called the turning point of my life, if there could be such a dramatic thing as a turning point in such an obscure existence," he thought. That's exactly what his government instructors had said while he was in training, he thought sardonically. His volunteering for service in the People's Police had been his introduction to truth and his salvation from the lies of religion and Nazism. That was a very interesting thing, he mused, for he had little acquaintance with either.

What he did know for sure, however, was that all the glowing philosophies and promises of communism contrasted poorly with what he and everyone else in East Berlin could easily see. As night

fell, this difference could be even more dramatically felt and seen.

The sky in West Berlin began to glow with the lights of the prosperous city, while the darkness of the Eastern sector only outlined and emphasized the barrenness of the death zone, and the rubble lying at its edge.

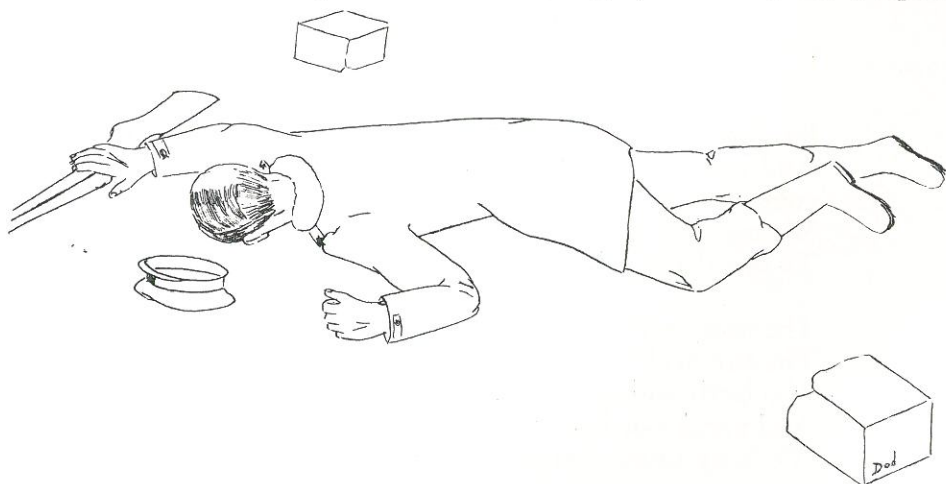
Fritz kept pacing up and down his part of the wall. Other Vopos paced in the same, slow way outlined clearly now by the bright lights illuminating the death zone and the ugly wall itself. Just a short distance away, past the apartment houses on the other side of the wall, on either side of the street that the wall cut in two, could be heard the sound of automobile horns, motor trucks, and busy people. Once in a while he thought he could hear human voices, some laughing perhaps one serious, but none hopeless.

The hopelessness of his own situation permeated his mind. The endless political indoctrination behind him, and the promise of

more to come, the thought of a decent job in the Western sector, perhaps a formal education, raced through his brain. He was only twenty, and could still make a new start. A life of emptiness was all that was ahead of him here, hardly the kind of thing any young man cares to face. Escape! That was the only way out. The thought shouted in his brain. He must do it now or die trying. He could climb the wall. His heavy clothes would protect him from the barbed wire.

Suddenly, Fritz jerked his head around to the sound of a roaring engine. A truck, the cab crammed with four or five young men burst into the glare and roared toward the wall at top speed. Already the roar was punctuated by the crack of automatic weapons and the scream of bullets. The other Vopos were firing at the tires and window. So much firepower, he was sure, would stop it before it even got to the wall.

Enraged, he aimed his weapon



and felled one Vopo with a quick burst. Turning, he let loose a spray of lead. Two more figures jerked and propped, sprawling on the hard ground.

The truck crashed into the wall, breaking the cement blocks like ice, and rending the barbed wire like string. Fritz turned to dash

through the gaping hole, but too late. His chest was on fire; he could feel hot blood soaking through his shirt. The scene around him dimmed; his strength ebbed rapidly. But somehow he felt satisfied. He, too, and not only the lads in the truck, had finally escaped.

AN EPITAPH IN THE FORM OF A BALLADE

by Francois Villon

(Which Villon wrote for himself and his companions who were waiting to be hanged. Translated from the French by William Seidensticker.)

Men of nations yet to come,
Do not stiffen your hearts against us,
But let the pity surge from in you
And plead with God for mercy on our souls.
You see us six, dangling from a rope;
Soon the flesh, which we so long have lavished,
Will have rotted and hung sagging from our bones,
Those bones which soon will powder into dust.
At this our fate let no one laugh or cry
But pray that God may save our sickened souls.

Ah yes, we know, this fate of ours
Is just by any law in any land,
But do not cast disdain upon our deaths;
For men go wrong though reason points the way.
Ah yes, we have committed every wrong;
But kneel before the Virgin Pure, our Queen,
And beg that every healing grace may
come and wrest us from infernal fires.
We are dead and only trust in thee
To beg that God may save our blackened souls.

The rains will come and soak our skin,
The sun will burn and scorch us black,
The birds will come and pick our eyes,
And pluck our hairs out one by one.
We hang suspended in eternity,

Swayed and swirled by the winds of time,
To and fro in the wasted winds of time,
Spectres of the savage sins of time;
O do not stand there shocked and watch
But beg that God may save our sickened souls.

Envoi

O Jesus, God, our Master,
Who made and orders everything—
Do not cast our souls among the damned:
And do not mock us, you, O mortal men,
But beg that God may save our blackened souls.

Confession of a Penitent

I cannot ask for love I have not given,
And yet I dare cry, "Lord, Lord."
Like a reincarnate Caiphas I have walked
With sounded trumpets past the kneeling publican.
I have presumed in medals and First Friday promises,
By intentions I have tried to justify,
Saying, "I shall never deny,"
But I have, without a word.
I have longed for Diocletian's return,
But for what purpose?
To glory in a martyr's death.
But I fear the word, "Glory."
It speaks too much.
I have seen the jeweled windows in the setting sun,
Of St. Francis with arms outstretched,
And life oozing from his hands,
And I have wished that it were me.
Again I fear, "glory."
I have preached to my friends,
But have forgotten myself.
I pitied the sinner, forgave my enemies,
Showed outraged indignation
When they spoke of their lustful passions.
What of my own passions?
They have accompanied me through worse sins,
And I pamper them, my enemies.
I have heard the wise men say,

"The wages of sin are death."
And I fear the death of my soul,
But birth is begotten of suffering and death.
So I shall pray my lonely monologue.

—Patrick McCann

Dies Irae

Freshened by rain, the land is mellow;
The grass is green, and her hair is yellow.
And in a far-off town the children play,
Play and sing, skip through the ring,
Fight to be king, play and sing.
And a voice whispers:

Dies Irae

Baked by the sun, the land is marred,
The withering worms are dried and charred.
And in that distant town the children still play;
Happy with fear, the children jeer,
Some know and fear, the end draws near.
And a voice murmurs:

Dies Irae

Stripped by the frost of its verdant cloak,
The land is clothed with crisp, dry smoke.
But in this distant town where once they played,
Content to play yet one more day,
Six months past May one child still plays.
And a voice cries out:

Dies Irae

Now killed by the pains of burning snow,
The land is dead; it does not know,
That in that far-off town no child plays.
For in that town there are no days.
And the voice dies away:

Dies Irae

Dies Irae

Dies Irae. . .

—Patrick McCann

Der

*"Den die einen sind im
Dunkeln
Und die andern sind im Licht.
Und man sieht die in Lichte,
Die im Dunkeln sieht man
nicht."*

Bertolt Brecht

"Social life! Just what do you mean by social life," asked Hans?

"You are a big boy now, why can't you find a girl for yourself?"

"Yes, I know but I thought with it being a university there would be at least a few dances. I haven't heard of anything even resembling a school sponsored dance."

"I'm afraid you don't understand," said Gerhardt.

"Yes," agreed Hans. "You must remember where you are and what kind of an institution you are now in. Here it is not as at home. You must forget home while you are here and content yourself with learning our ways."

Gerhardt turned to Hans, took a sip of beer and said, "Don't just criticize and tell him what he should do. You wouldn't want this done to you in America if you were the stranger. He at least deserves an explanation," he smilingly added.

This was the first time I had been invited to join these friends I had made at the University. We had agreed to meet at "Die Zwelf

V E R S T A N D

by John Keane

Aposteln," a small student populated Bierstube in downtown Vienna. There had been some light drinking and general conversation until I had brought up the question of social life at the University.

Harold, who had been quiet until now, began the explanation: "We do not consider the University as a place where, in addition to academic pursuits, there might also exist . . . some less conventional pursuits. The heads of our school believe that the University is not a social place where students go to meet other students.

"There does exist some social life at the school but it is restricted to meeting in the corridors between classes or in the coffee houses at lunch time. The majority of the students have perhaps one or two good friends and it is with these people they have most of their contact."

"But what of the fraternities?" asked Uggie, a Hungarian who had fled during the revolution. "You can't say they don't enjoy a good social life."

"Yes," answered Gerhardt, "but it takes more money than the average student can afford to belong to a fraternity. The average student must depend more or less on his own initiative and luck if he wishes to lead a social life here," he added.

"A student at the University has many places he might go if he wishes social life," observed Hans. "There is no restriction, except fi-

nancial, on where the student may go and what he may do. If I'm not wrong you're probably interested in where you can meet girls."

"Well . . . as a matter of fact yes," I said.

"Then," he continued, "you've come to the right people. Student places, such as this Stube, are about the best, or maybe through a mutual friend you can get an introduction."

"Don't try to talk to some girls who haven't been introduced," Uggie said. "I know from experience there exist some old guard Austrians that consider it very improper to speak to a girl who hasn't been introduced to you, and as a consequence can make it rather embarrassing for you. It's a bit dull at times," added Uggie, "but once you get used to it, it isn't too bad."

"Well this is a bit different from home," I said, "but maybe I'll fit in after a while."

"I'm sure you will," observed Gerhardt, "just keep in mind the separation between school and social activities. School is the place you work, and the rest of the world is the place you can play."

"Not a bad idea," I said. "But speaking of playing, I was wondering if there is a gym where I can get a little exercise if I have some time on my hands. You guys play basketball don't you?"

"Sure," said Harold, "maybe we could get some guys together and form a team. A few years ago my brother was on a team that took the Austrian National

Championship. There was an American on that team too."

"Yea, but that takes so much time. You're always practicing and you have to raise money to rent a gym. For the trouble you go to it's not worth it," said Uggie.

Harold retorted with, "But look at all the chances to travel you get."

"How does the University team do," I asked?

"There is no school team," Harold answered. "All the basketball that's played in Austria is by teams or clubs that raise their own funds or are sponsored by some group."

"Is there any sport that is sponsored by the University," I asked?

They looked from one to the other and finally Hans answered, "No, none that we know of, and that probably means none at all. The University does offer courses in its physical education department that cover almost all imaginable sports, but these are intended more for instruction than competition."

"Most of the competition," said Harold, "comes from clubs that have been established for a few generations. There are regular tryouts for these clubs and if you happen to make one of these teams it is a great honor. There are clubs in almost all sports."

"But how are national teams formed for international competition," I asked?

"Well national teams are selected from open competition among any who wish to enter or from

the best players of the club teams," answered Harold.

"Then the student body at the University doesn't have much of a chance to get together for sport contests," I observed. "How can they feel any kind of brotherhood or relationship between each other? What we refer to at home as 'school spirit'."

"This you might consider another drawback to the European university," said Gerhardt, "but I don't think any of us know more than four or five of our classmates. There is no such thing as what you call 'school spirit' for us."

"That's right," added Hans, "we all attend the same university but other than this common, and what we consider accidental fact, there is no bond between us. Maybe one might consider the traditional *esprit de corps* that all students feel for each other as some kind of bond, but otherwise there is no 'spirit' in the University. School is just a place to learn and insure our future lives. It gives us nothing we don't work for so why should there be a feeling of loyalty towards any particular school. I apologize if it sounds strange to you but the term 'school spirit' does not exist for us."

Another difference, I noted mentally. "But what I find hard to understand is the attitude all of you seem to have toward what a school means to you. I can't say exactly what it is at home but I think one's school usually means more than a place to American

students. It doesn't seem so cold at home."

"I think it was an Englishman who once said, 'Every man is like an island unto himself,'" replied Uggie. "I think this best says what or rather how a European student generally feels about his school. Each of us has a responsibility unto ourselves and we attend school not with an interest in others but with an interest in our own personal preparation for life after school.

"One thing you will have to realize that to attend the university in the first place is a thing limited to only a small percentage of the potential university students each year. All of us here had to take and pass some pretty difficult state examinations before we could even register at the university," concluded Uggie.

"Another thing," Harold continued, "the family of a student must be in a fairly good financial situation or the student must have some kind of side income to afford to stay in school without working. For a family that depends on the money each person can earn, a university education for a son or daughter is an impossibility. It is a privilege to attend the university and the majority of students take this responsibility towards themselves and those who are financing their education very seriously."

"But let's be realists," interrupted Hans, "there are some guys at school that don't care if they ever

finish."

"Sure there are," answered Harold, "but they are still in the vast minority. I think we can agree that most of us want to get a good education as quickly as possible."

"To get back to what I was saying," remarked Uggie, "each student is an individual and as such depends upon himself to get an education. As was said earlier, the average student has perhaps one or two good friends, but that's all. He goes to classes at the university as he chooses because there is no compulsion to attend, returns home to study and prepare for exams at the end of the semester or the school year. A student doesn't care what is happening in school or who is sitting next to him—his only care is graduating."

"How does one get a bachelor's degree at the University," I asked?

"There is no such thing as a bachelor's degree or even a master's degree here," Hans said. "When one completes the usual course of study at the University he is granted a doctor's degree."

"How long does that usually take?"

"Anywhere from four to eight years," answered Gerhardt. "Take myself—I have been going for five years now and I expect to be finished next year. It depends on the student and what he is capable of doing. Some can get it done in four years. but that is rather rare."

"You see," said Harold, "if I take a course for one semester then I usually don't go to school

the next. During this time I'm studying for the final test given in that subject at the end of the year. In some courses, if I can keep up, I can take the exam right after the course is finished, but for the most of them I have to wait it out and study a semester. There have been a few which I didn't pass after a semester's study and had to study during the summer so I could try again in the fall."

Hans said, "As Gerhardt says it depends on the student and it is probably much more independent than what you are used to."

"Yes," I answered, "I'll have to admit it is. But European universities seem so much more—I don't know, traditional or something. They seem to carry with them a certain atmosphere that American schools lack."

"Traditional, traditional," repeated Hans, "why I once read a book about the American school and it seems to me you people have kept more of the traditional educational conventions than we

have. When we graduate we just go to a dean's office and pick up a certificate. We don't know what academic processions, academic gowns, or formal academic ceremonies look like. As far as atmosphere goes, I'm not familiar with American schools so I can't say, but I know you are doing American schools an injustice if you refer to them as lacking tradition."

There was a pause as the waiter brought us our last round of beer. I thought over all that I had learned and realized that in one session with these friends I had just learned more about foreign students than if I attended the University for a year.

After we had finished our beers and had said goodbye outside the Stube, I walked to the corner where I could catch my streetcar. As I waited, I saw my four friends all walk away in four different directions, and I thought to myself, there is so much each of us can learn from the others.

REALITY

I think the end will be
Very much like dying in the waves
Alone,
Looking at the sky
With pink clouds,
Very afraid of the black wave
Rolling UP and up and up.

—John Kreniske